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HIRAM WASHINGTON THOMAS, D. D.
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909. NUMBER 25.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Hiram Washington Thomas

The same reasons that render it necessary to hold at some future time an adequate memorial service for the beloved pastor of the People's Church of Chicago when those who loved him, now scattered far and wide, are back at their work in the city, render it impossible for UNITY to do more at this time than print the few brief tributes that follow.

When, in the early autumn, at some suitable time and place, Chicago's noblest will gather to bear glad testimony to Dr. Thomas's high service and gentle leadership, UNITY will be glad to report the occasion at length. For the present, we can only speak of the impressive funeral services held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre at high noon of Tuesday, August 17. The body lay in state in the auditorium from nine o'clock in the morning till the service hour with a detail from the First Regiment of Illinois Militia, to which body he had acted as chaplain for many years, as guard of honor.

During this time many of his old friends availed themselves of the opportunity to take one more look at the serene and benign face. When the casket was closed for the service it was imbedded in flowers that had come from many sources and had been borne hither by many loving hands. The organ pealed forth the notes of tenderness and trust, and a quartette from the Chicago College of Music sang "Nearer My God to Thee," "Lead Kindly Light," and "Abide with Me," in a way that added new meaning and fresh fitness to the old words. The brief services were conducted by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and Dr. Samuel Crothers, of Cambridge, Mass., who was fortunately in the city. Many intimate ministerial friends and yoke-fellows of the good Doctor would have been glad to add their word of praise and love had they been within reach. Reverends Hirsch, White, Stolz, Hawley, Bishop Fallows and others were beyond reach; Prof. George Burman Foster sent his word of sympathy and love from a sick-bed; but words, however fitting, and tributes, however gratefully voiced, were not necessary in the presence of the large, tearful audience who had loved and admired, followed and supported the genial heretic throughout his career,—some of them for over a third of a century.

Dr. Thomas was a great preacher in the best sense of the word. For over twenty years he stood at the center of the great city and from the platform of a downtown theater spoke every Sunday morning to a vast audience. His parish was the Mississippi valley, and many of his parishioners shaped their business itinerary and timed their visits to Chicago in such a way as to include the Sunday service at McVicker's theater.

The message which Dr. Thomas preached was always a hopeful one. His words reached the springs of action and touched the common chords of human sympathy. He was a great commoner. He loved man as man. His ministry reached from the prisoner at the bar to the judge on the bench. Little children courted his caresses, young people hung upon his words, and the aged rested in this trust and confidence.

Thirty years ago the Methodist conference pronounced Dr. Thomas a heretic and first retired and then dismissed him from its Chicago fellowship, but the Methodist church has long since repented of its rashness. It is hard to run the lines of orthodoxy through the golden rule, the beatitudes, and the twenty-third psalm, and these constituted the fundamentals in Dr. Thomas's faith. Throughout his entire ministry they formed the text, argument, and climax of every sermon.

Dr. Thomas has left but little tangible witness of his work behind him. Like his great contemporary David Swing, he has left no monumental building behind to bear witness of his high work. But only the most superficial will adduce from this evidence of poor work or of an uneconomic expenditure of spiritual force. Swing and Thomas were both seed-sowers, and as Dr. Crothers so beautifully emphasized in his memorial word, "seed sowing is always an act of faith and the harvest must neither be counted nor doubted."

"Well, I had always hoped I might live to take that man's hand once before I die, for he has been my pastor for over thirty years. I have never been in Chicago, but I have read every word available to me

of Dr. Thomas's work, and have loved him as I have never loved any other minister," were the words of an obscure, hard-working farmer dwelling in one of the out-of-the-way valleys of Wisconsin, to the writer on learning of the death.

Dr. Thomas was a Methodist to the end of his life. He was a glorified circuit rider, a saintly leader and shepherd of souls after the manner of Paul and John Wesley, and the Methodist church may well claim him as its own.

But he was more than a preacher; more than a Methodist; he was a great civilian and patriot of the school of Jefferson and Lincoln. His pulpit was a school of civics, a municipal platform from which were discussed the pressing needs and immediate inspirations of his city and his nation.

But most of all Dr. Thomas was a great humanitarian. His nature was touched with that subtle sense of comradeship that allied him to the Brahmin of India, the Shinto priest of Japan, and the walking delegate of the labor union. He was a mystic of the school of Buddha, Socrates, Fenelon, Channing, and Emerson.

The writer cannot now, any more than on the platform of Lincoln Centre on the funeral occasion, speak the word of personal appreciation and indebtedness. In his death the Senior Editor has lost a genial companion, a co-worker and friend, although the more intimate relations with UNITY and his presidency of the Congress of Religion run parallel with Dr. Thomas's weakening days and his declining years, for his active ministry ceased nearly ten years ago, yet to the day of his death his interest, encouragement and support were insistent and persistent.

And so we salute the good friend and brave soldier-worker standing by the flag, and in his name beg the friends, old and new, to close up the ranks, to move forward, and try to merit as he did the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy reward," which he so nobly won and so well deserved.

Tributes to Dr. Thomas

George Burman Foster, University of Chicago.

I first met dear Dr. Thomas some years ago in the mountains of West Virginia, our native state. I was at once attracted by his personality. Recently, he has written me very frequently, expressing his burning desire to do some writing upon the religious situation. But he has gathered up his feet into his bed, and been gathered unto the fathers. I now revere his memory as a man, modest yet fearless, trustful yet self-reliant, loyal yet tolerant, gentle yet strong. His mind was both penetrating in its insight and broad in its survey. Such men redeem us from sordidness and self-seeking, from pettiness and narrowness, from sophistication of the truth, from cant and hypocrisy. He belongs in the class with the prophets of old who taught that, not Assyria, but righteousness is world-power. Like them he was once stoned, and we do well to build his tomb.

Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.

I never knew him save in the outside way, yet *true, brave, tender, loving,* are the terms in which I have always thought of Dr. Thomas. A man of many Beatitudes. I suppose his experience even covered the eighth,—what we mean by "persecution for righteousness' sake"; though he would have probably given no such harsh name to his treatment as heretic. He seemed to me an incarnation of the seventh,—that of the Peace-makers. And we might easily make two or three new ones to fit him: Blessed are the truth-seekers, for with them it shall always be morning: Blessed are the truth-speakers, for they shall be called the spokesmen of God: Blessed are loving spirits who leave the crowd to follow the truth, for, though they be forgotten, the crowd follows after their footprints.

Dr. Joseph Stolz, Chicago.

Some seventeen years ago, I heard Dr. Thomas for the first time. The occasion was the seventieth birthday celebration of his old friend, Rabbi Felsenthal, the first Jew he had ever met. I still remember the tender, tolerant, loving, hopeful words he uttered that day in my own pulpit. Subsequently, I heard and met him frequently, and the more I saw of him the more I loved and admired him, the more I trusted my first impression that he was a sincere man of childlike innocence, free from prejudice and guile, big-hearted and broad-minded, a fearless lover of truth, an ardent admirer of learning, a loyal friend of the poor and oppressed, a courageous advocate of justice, an intelligent mouthpiece of the new social conscience. I esteem it a blessing to have known so intimately one of our pioneer Western champions of freedom in religious belief, a leader of the forces of liberal religion, and, withal, a man of deep reverence and piety, affirming and re-affirming emphatically the fundamental faiths common to all religions, believing unshakably in the love of God and the deathlessness of the human soul, trusting implicitly in the ultimate triumph of truth and establishment of righteousness. He therefore belonged to all religions; and though he left behind no one church society, all Chicago remains his parish and throughout the West he sowed the seed of liberalism that has already borne abundant fruit and will long continue to bear still richer harvests. Spiritually, he was a descendant of the prophets, a true friend and defender of Israel; and assuredly the Rabbinical dictum applies to him: "The righteous of all nations will inherit eternal bliss."

Elizabeth H. Ball, Oak Park.

Many of the other residents of Chicago find the world a lonelier place to live in since the passing of Dr. Thomas. For a third of a century he was my pastor, and I think of him today as the embodiment of spirituality. His ability to find the good in a character, his other worldliness, his love for humanity and his faith in humanity made him the ideal pastor. He was, in truth, a modern Sir Galahad whose

"Strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure."

In a letter received from him dated July 28, he writes these characteristic lines: "How the years come and go, and with them the great changes. The greatest

of all is the change we call death, that takes us out of this wonderful world and life. Nearly all of my old friends and associates are gone * * * and the many younger friends and workers are growing old. I have passed my seventy-seventh birthday,—am an old man, and yet I do not think of it that way, for life is life, old or young, and death is but a change, a birth into a higher condition of being, and we shall meet all the loved ones gone before. I am steadily gaining and hope to be able to do a little more work." In closing he speaks of the loving devotion of his wife who "for two years has watched over me day and night."

Rev. Joseph Newton, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

It was not my privilege to have an intimate personal fellowship with Dr. Thomas, but I knew him and can testify to the haunting influence which he left upon those who met him. He was just leaving the liberal pulpit when I entered it, and, standing within the calm circle of his evening radiance, I had an honorable pride in his noble and fruitful ministry. My study of the life of David Swing, his dear friend, led me into a somewhat detailed study of Dr. Thomas, of the result of which I hope to be able to make record. They were singularly unlike, yet they are linked in our common and grateful memory for the large and gracious spirit which they liberated among us.

Of unique and persuasive personality, Dr. Thomas had in rare degree the philosophic mind. He saw things in the large, and it was inevitable that he should outgrow the limiting definitions and descriptions of the schoolmen. He apprehended the verity of Spirit, and as life deepened, the Eternal became so radiant that all else seemed but a shadow. He loved truth, simplicity and justice, but he was patient and charitable in his judgments of men, knowing that we are all at best ignorant and frail. And he had optimism. He believed in the future, in the great human causes, the coming of a better day, the brotherhood of man, the progress of faith, the triumph of peace; and he had the patience of hope.

A golden hearted man he was; just and generous and gentle; more of a thinker than a scholar; tender of heart, with a droll and twinkling humor,—one of the truest men and one of the noblest preachers of his day. He demeaned himself so nobly in the critical and testing occasions of his life, he had such refinements of loyalty, such wonderful secrets of faith and hope and courage, that one could not fail to be moved and exalted by intercourse with him. His passing recalls the cry of the young man as the prophet ascended from the shadowed earth to the shadowless heavens:

"My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

Celia Parker Woolley, Chicago.

A gentle and fearless soul, as free from guile as is humanly possible.

A natural thinker. Not a student of books, but one who "sensed" all that was going on in the world of thought. Let him get but a hint of a great new truth like Evolution and he divined it all, caught its every suggestion and implication, was as unafraid of this new leaf in the world's scriptures as of the Gospel of John.

His sermons were spoken reveries. At first his mind moved slowly, feeling its way, but gaining in forceful utterance and moral glow, and ending with an impassioned eloquence that carried his hearers to great heights.

An absolutely sincere man, with a taste for homely things that kept him close to his fellows, but living chiefly from within, the thin face never losing the look of dreamy introspection. He was with us and of us, but lived in an unseen world, as much at home there as here. And at home still, serene, undismayed, with the same quenchless love of truth and goodness, where truth is proved true and the heart is at last satisfied. So he taught us to believe and lived the life that made all pure and beautiful beliefs easier.

Mrs. Emma Ford Altgelt, Sheridan Park, Ill.

Dr. Thomas was one of the most lovable and helpful of men, because of his great tenderness and sympathy united with a stern refusal to compromise with evil.

He was not only a defender ready to help others fight for their rights, but he was also a friend, who could feel their woes and suffer with them. In this tenderness of heart lay his greatest strength and influence.

George M. Moulton, University of Chicago.

Dr. Thomas combined in his personality the utmost of the spiritual with the least of the material of any man I ever met. He was a veritable Christ among men, as near God-like as possible with twentieth century development. Of the type of Lincoln, gentle, trusting, forgiving, loving all and loved by all, yet withal freer from the frailties of human life.

Rev Everett D. Martin, Dixon, Ill.

Dr. Thomas was a liberator. He stood for inwardness of faith and life. In the soul of such as he, faith freed from the death grip of formalism springs up anew, with a newness of creative energy. There are no meaningless mumblings, but there is eternal youth, there is human interest, there is the open vision. God hath not left himself without a witness when the sincere man speaks.

Although I never had the inspiration of hearing his words, I wish to pay a tribute to him whose breadth of vision has given us all who labor for a nobler civilization here in this middle west, a larger liberty and broader outlook in our work, and from whose sincerity and genuineness of faith we inherit a purer spiritual environment than would ever have been ours had not Chicago, with all its material prosperity and commercialism, witnessed the labors of a Collier, a Swing, a Thomas.

William M. Salter, New York.

I first heard Dr. Thomas, when he gave a sermon on "The Reign of Law," in 1883 or 1884. I felt that he was a thinker as well as a pulpit orator.

He was friendly to me personally, perhaps largely on my father's account, but he was not exactly sympathetic to our movement in those early days—any more than Professor Swing was.

I admired him for his strong social sympathies, and for the stand I heard he took in the first Bryan campaign. (I was in Philadelphia at the time.)

Why has not his church survived? Is there perhaps something transitional in the liberalism he represented?

Cyrus A. Osborne, Chicago.

I welcome this opportunity for a brief word in

appreciation of a great-hearted, far-visioned man. Dr. Thomas always impressed me by his broad fellowship, his catholic spirit, and his kindly, genial personality. I believe he is a wonderfully helpful and potent leader of men. And I say *is*—for I refuse to recognize any abandonment of his service or relinquishment of his large ministry to the hearts and lives of his fellow men and women. Not only has Dr. Thomas achieved things, but still on through the years he will be an influence for sweetness and fellowship, a power that makes for righteousness. I cherish with deep gratitude my all too brief acquaintance with him and my association with him as secretary of the Congress of Religion, of which he was the honored president.

Kate B. Mendenhall, Duluth, Minn.

Dr. Thomas's message to humanity expressed the divine love and sympathy of the Infinite and awakened the same qualities in the hearts of those whom he met. His faith in all good was contagious and uplifting; his strength in doing what he deemed right so great that one never thought of impossibilities; his vision so clear and beautiful that we all followed with joy his leading; his spirit so much a part of the Infinite Creation that we who have known him, and many who knew him only through his written word will never feel the finite separation but be always conscious of the Infinite Life.

E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.

When I went to Chicago in 1871 I found very little comprehension of what real liberalism meant, and was so very sensitive that I kept away from nearly all others who might be working along the same lines. But very promptly came in Helmer of the Union Park Congregational Church and proposed an exchange. It would have helped me immensely, but it would have hurt him, and I refused to allow him to compromise himself. Dr. Thomas came next, and, with Judge Booth, we three went out doing a little talking here and there. I found Dr. Thomas one of the rarest souls that I had ever met. He was very conservative of right and truth, but radical without stint as to free discussion and honest investigation. Well, they turned him out of his old mother church, and then he became one of the greatest leaders in America. That was the way to make them, and oh, how we poor fellows needed such help! The worst thing about it was that honest folk believed we were anti-Christs and trying to destroy the faith in men's souls. We were only a few years ahead of the crowd. Dr. Thomas led grandly, and was democratic in every sense of the word. In 1893 the editor of UNITY beckoned half a dozen of us into a room in Music Hall, and said let us get a little closer, coöperate a little more fully, and see how much wider we can reach. We made Dr. Thomas president of the Congress of Religion, and there he stayed till he died. To-day congresses of the same sort are bobbing up everywhere. The pioneer work is finished; and to Dr. Thomas we give the honor of having led in the *beginning,* and having taken the brunt of the strife without flinching. Dear Doctor, if anybody ever finished his life work, it was you; but it is hard to feel that we cannot once more grip hands,—not here.

Thou Primal Love, who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words.
—*Coventry Patmore.*

THE PULPIT

The Things That Unite Mankind

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. HIRAM W. THOMAS, JUNE 25, 1893, IN FESTIVAL HALL, AT THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTERNOON RELIGIOUS SERVICES HELD AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

We all believe that the noblest idea of our American Sabbath, as a day of rest, of social joy and worship, should not only be recognized but emphasized. This wonderful Exposition is itself a great school and a great church, and hence there is not needed a religious service to make it right to open its gates on Sunday. But it is proper to have such hours of song and sermons here, for they may be made instructive and helpful. This hour is not for entertainment but for worship, and it is as sacred as it would be if held in any church. My theme is "The Things That Unite Mankind," and my text is as follows:

> That they may all be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou didst send me.—John xvii. 21.

All higher thinking tends to unity. Reason reveals an interdependency between things that may appear to be unrelated. No one thing exists by itself. The animal is related to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, and the lower forms of animal life to the higher. Satellites are related to planets, planets to suns, suns to systems, and systems to the universe.

This is an imposing order, the great plan of nature, and hence constant and unvarying. Man is endowed with reason and volition, has self-determining power, and moves largely in the ways of his own choosing. Hence, in the world of man there are possible inharmonies, contentions, diversions, separations and wars. The agreements have to be reached through the disagreements. The final peace and unity of the race, and the realized prayer of Christ that "all may be one," can come only by larger and better thinking, and by a nobler and diviner feeling, being and doing.

First among the things that should unite mankind is the fact of the physical oneness of the race. Whether by evolution or by special creation, from one beginning or many, from one Garden of Eden and one pair or many, the body of man, standing erect, with finer features, with hands to work, with lips that laugh, with eyes that weep, is so far different from and lifted above the forms beneath him that he not only crowns the ascending series, but stands alone. Such a fact should tend to unite these higher and highest beings, for they are all human beings.

Far deeper than this is their mental oneness. It may be that animals have mind; they seem to remember and to reason. But man has the distinctive power of self-consciousness. He knows that he is, he talks with himself, and asks what he is and whither he goes. And this strange power is everywhere the same; mind, at bottom, is the same in kind, and differs only in degree. Reason, the sense of beauty and of harmony, and the sentiments and principles of love and justice are the same in kind. And conscience is the same, always saying, "Do what you think is right." Everywhere is the feeling of the imperativeness of the "ought" and "ought not" of life. Surely beings

thus alike in nature should have common bonds of oneness in feeling and purpose.

Another unifying force and power should be found in the fact that the needs of man are substantially the same. All must have food, raiment and shelter, and all must toil that the needs of the body may be supplied. For all, the forces of nature wait and work; for God makes the sun to shine for all, and the flowers and fruit to grow for all. The needs and longings of mind and heart are the same. Each mind needs truth, each heart needs love, and all men need and should have the blessings of liberty and justice, the peace and joy of religion, and the hope of heaven.

Still another unifying thought and sentiment should be the need of man for man, the great fact that man is the helper of man. The individual is almost powerless if left alone. It is only by associate effort that great achievements are possible. The division of labor is an essential factor in world-progress, and marks the first stages from the uncivilized to the civilized modes of life. Our present great civilization is made possible by the fact of the many toilers in special fields of thought and labor. There must be legislators and lawyers, doctors and preachers, engineers, mechanics, farmers, merchants and bankers, and mothers in the home.

The World's Auxiliary Congress of Railroads, Commerce, Insurance, and Bankers brought together last week the representatives of all these great forms of the work and business of a world. Each has its place, and all are necessary to the greatest public good. And so of the Congresses of Charities and Prison Reform, and of the Press; in all of these divisions of labor man is the helper of man.

It has taken all the world, all nations, and workers to make possible this wonderful Columbian Exposition. Three years ago this spot, this dreamland of beauty, was a sandbank, covered with scrubby oaks and marshes of thick, tough sod. Where now stand these temples of music and art and these homes for all the states and for the countries beyond the sea, there were hundreds of mules and hundreds of men with spades and plows and dredges. And then came the builders, the workers in wood and iron, and back of these were the architects; and by the united labor of all, the White City has arisen and stands today in its unrivaled greatness and beauty, the pride, the wonder and joy of millions.

Yes, and that this World's Fair might be possible, human beings, our brothers and sisters from this and all lands, have worked. Human hands have dug the coal and the iron from the mines and kindled the great fires and stood in the hot furnaces, casting the steel that spans these mighty arches. Human hands have carved, chiseled and painted, and patient fingers have stitched the long years away on rich embroideries and plied the shuttles of the looms. And other minds and voices have made music possible and made the beauty of this scene possible; and the good-will of the nations has made it possible in their great years of peace for all to come together in one grand celebration of the triumphs of civilization. And all this should emphasize the need of man for man, and the fact that man is the helper of man. It should teach us also the larger lesson of the solidarity of man and of all great world-interests. In less civilized ages man sought the destruction of man, the destruction of other tribes. Then they thought it wise to make slaves of enemies conquered in war. But then came the still wiser thought of incorporation, of making the conquered peoples part of a great empire, like the Rome of old. And now we are coming to the still higher and larger thought of a vast brotherhood of nations.

Another deep and underlying fact that should give rise to a closer unity among men is the essential unity of religion, as such, and hence the possible unity of man in religious thought and worship. In conduct, or ethics, the great religions have been quite agreed that it was wrong to lie, to steal and to murder, and right to be truthful, honest and temperate and pure. The differences and divisions have been those of thought, or creed. But even in these there has been and is the one essential and deepest fact, that all have believed that in some way man is so like God, or God is so incarnated in man, that between earth and heaven, between man and God, there is the possibility of communion. And hence in all these religions there are prayers, consecrations, and efforts to be like the divine, and hopes of a life beyond the years of time. And these deeper arguments and sentiments should tend to make the children of earth one.

All come by the way of birth; all go by the way of death. Between the morning and the evening all toil and suffer, laugh and weep, love and hope; and surely they should be kind to each other by the way. Hunger and pain are the same to all, and grief and sorrow are felt alike in all hearts. The Eskimo mother and the mother from beyond the sea who buried their babes from their tents here mourned as other mothers mourn. Their tears were great, deep, tender, human tears. Oh, we ought to love one another in a strange world and life like this, where all are journeying to the grave and to some unseen land in the great beyond.

What are the things that divide and separate mankind and how shall these divisions be overcome? Race prejudice, the dislike, the hatred of one tribe for another, and hence the effort of one to destroy the other, is perhaps the oldest. In other times the feeling has survived more in the form of a prejudice than of hatred or fear, a feeling of superiority of one over the other, the feeling that the white man is better than the black man and that the American or European is better than the Chinaman. Intellectually and socially this may be a fact, but it should be a reason for kindness and helpfulness and not for hatred and oppression.

The cure for such separating thoughts and feelings is in the deeper fact that the differences noted are superficial, *per accidens* and not *per se*. For, beneath the facts of color and feature, and the influences of environment, they are human beings. "God hath made of one blood all the nations to dwell upon the earth; and he hath appointed their times and their seasons." They are not to blame for the color of their skin or the configuration of head or face. They are God's children of the dark land, God's children of China, and they are our human brothers and sisters, poorer than we, not so highly endowed, it may be. But the stronger should bear the burdens of the weaker and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Another ground of division has been that of government. On the one hand has been the claim of royalty to rule by divine appointment; and over against this has been the claim of the rights of man, as man, to govern himself. Then great world parties have ranged under the banners of despotisms and democracies. For long ages the despotic power was in the ascendency;

then the gain of constitutional monarchies in England and Germany, and of a republic in America; and, since the revolution of the eighteenth century, the nations of Europe have been moving in the direction of the power of the people, and the rule of the many, and not of the few. And it is safe to say that the solution is to be along this line, that the rights of the individual, the rights of the man, woman and child must be acknowledged, and that self-government is the right and duty of man.

Closely related to the claims of royalty has been the claim of ecclesiasticism, or the divine right of the clergy to rule the laity; that a deposit of truth and authority has been made in the hands of the priesthood; that they and they alone have a divine right to establish a church, to formulate creeds and liturgies, and that the people must believe and obey. And very naturally royalty and ecclesiasticism have journeyed hand in hand.

Over against this has been the claim of the people that men and women are kings and priests unto God; of the rights of reason and conscience before God; the right of the people to constitute a church and create a ministry; the right to own the church property which their own money has paid for. Such a ministry is, of course, fraternal, and not hierarchical. These were some of the great questions fought over during the trying years of the Reformation, in the long "Thirty Years' War"; and it is apparent now that religion too must be free; that the democracy of government and religion, and not royalty and ecclesiasticism, are the higher ideals toward which the world is journeying.

Then there have been the divisions of the other great religions outside of Judaism and Christianity; the Confucian, the Buddhist, the Zoroastrian, and the Mohammedan. It used to be thought that between them and Christianity there was nothing in common. But the recent studies of comparative religion are revealing the fact that these ancient faiths held much truth; that each has some message for the present. The Chinese mind looks to and would conserve the glory of the yesterday of life. The mind of India is seeking to emphasize and to be lost in the spirit side of the universe, and thus to find rest from the burdens of the material. And if the old Parsee thought dualized the universe in the effort to understand the conflict between good and evil, still it was a fight for the good. We are coming to see that all these great religions, with their Bibles and temples, are God's religions, and that the worshipers are God's worshipers; that they are not to be despised, nor their forms of faith wholly cast out; but that it is our mission to carry to them the clearer revelations of truth, and to help them as brothers to a larger faith and hope.

And then there are the little divisions and debates among Christians,—Catholic and Protestant; Methodist, Baptist, Quaker; liberal and orthodox,—and these divide into sides and multiply churches, with half the people outside of all. How can these be made one? Possibly not at all in our day. But the cure for all these political and religious divisions is in the study and love and practice of justice and liberty, the rights of man, and the well-being of all in the state; more statesmen and fewer politicians. And in religions, the cure is to be found in a broader and diviner love of truth; in truth for authority and not authority for truth; in emphasizing the great life and experiences of religion. And where all love truth and right and love man and God, the aim will be one and the work one, and we will gladly give each mind and heart the largest liberty in such noble endeavor to learn, to know, to be, to do and to become.

The cure for all these divisions will be found in the coming of a church that is large enough to hold the thinking of all its children. Then when one gets a new or better thought of God or man one will not have to get a new church to put it in. There must come the church of reason, the church of catholicity, the faith that will trust the truth, trust man, trust God, trust the lead of the holy spirit of truth. There must come a church whose gates, like the city of God, are on all sides and open night and day—a church founded in the love of truth and right, in the love of God and man.

The noble Lincoln once said: "Show me a church whose only creed is to love God and man and I will walk one hundred miles to join that church." That church is coming and we will all join it some of these days. Ay, it is here now, in the hearts of the people and in the ever-pleading prayer of Christ that all may be one in the life of love and hope. The finer competitions of life may separate men. These are divisions not over labor and capital. These are the two arms and hands of our body. But there are divisions between capitalists and laborers; and the cure for these is in larger knowledge of the laws of equal justice and in the greater love of man for man.

And this is the great prayer of the Christ, that they all may be one; one in nature, love and life, as he is one with the Father. And then will the world believe that the Father hath sent the Son, that the love of heaven has come to earth, that God is with man, that man is divine. And when the life of God fills all souls as his summer-time fills the earth, touching every blade of grass and leaf, then will come the great years when war shall be no more, and the millions of earth's children will rejoice in their happy world-home of peace, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

From this great gathering there should come a larger and dearer brotherhood of man; and from this World's Fair pulpit I bid you go forth and

> "Say to each one you meet,
> In highway or street,
> That we all do move
> Under a canopy of love
> Broad as the blue sky above."

O flag of liberty, wave over the coming land! Bells of heaven, "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Angels of God, come sing again the song of peace on earth and good-will to men. Love of Christ, love of God, hope of heaven, come to every heart!

—*Reprinted from* UNITY *of July 27, 1893.*

Tell me, gentle traveler, who hast wandered through the world, and seen the sweetest roses blow, and brightest gliding rivers, of all thine eyes have seen, which is the fairest land? "Child, shall I tell thee where nature is most blest and fair? It is where those we love abide. Though that space be small, ample is it above kingdoms; though it be a desert, through it runs the river of Paradise, and there are the enchanted bowers."—*Anon.*

The hunger for brotherhood is at the bottom of the unrest of the modern civilized world.—*George Frederick Watts.*

The Owls of the Bible

"I am become as an owl of the waste places."

When night fell over the Holy Land, and all the country from Edom and the desert of Shur to the farthest northward range of Lebanon, and from Syria and Arabia to the great sea, lay under its spell, the reign of the owl family began. When the tropical moon silvered the sands of the desert, stretched molten paths across the seas, sailed with the current down the Jordan, and laughed at her reflected face in Merom and the Red Sea, the great horned owl crept from the homes of the dead near Carmel, from caves of robbers close to Gennesaret, from ruins around Jericho, from fallen cities in Judah, from desert thickets, from mountain and forest fastnesses, and lifted its weird voice.

Then all the little owls from Tyre to Askelon set up their wavering accompaniment to the beating surf of the Mediterranean. Their fellows of ruins, hollow trees, caves, desert thickets and forests, lakes and rivers, over plain, field, and valley called to each other to awake and come out to moonlight, love-making, and good feeding.

Not to be surpassed, the screech owl from the hills near Damascus, the Lebanon valleys, down the coast from Sidon and Gaza, around Merom, and near the cities of the Jordan Valley from Sechem to Jerusalem, close to Nazareth and Bethlehem, raised their wavering voices in a chant to the moon, the friend to night-hunters.

Belated caravans crossing the wilderness of Shur, coming in from the Arabian desert and across the hot sands of Syria, called to lagging camels and urged them to hasten. Shepherds watching their herds and flocks over hills, in valleys, and at watering-places near the edges of the desert shuddered and whispered an appeal to the living God for protection; for superstition was in their blood, and the sounds were awesome. All the inhabitants of field and plain felt the heart-leap of apprehension. In villages and walled cities tired workers turned on their beds and breathed a prayer for safety. When the cry broke in the gardens around the palaces of kings where great courts held revel, people shuddered as they danced.

For the owl is only introduced in the Bible to say that it is unfit for human food, and to prove that its voice can add a last touch to any picture of horror. This bird appeared as frequently as any other in the Bible of my childhood. Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Micah all put it into every picture of desolation they drew. The latest versions seem to feel that this was a mistake of translators, and that the bird intended was the ostrich. Perhaps this is right, but I doubt it in most instances. The ostrich had sufficient vocal accomplishments to entitle it to a place in any list of horrors made by sound, but the ostrich was a bird of light, of wide range and voracious appetite. I imagine that when it had hunted all day searching for food along the edges of the desert, and returned to its nest at night, it was tired enough to sleep until morning. Moreover, it was a bird that was not found near many of the ruins mentioned, where the latest versions place it; for most of these were caused by the fortunes of war and were the remains of cities built near fertile valleys, rich farming lands, fruit orchards, and gardens. Ruins were among too much civilization, where there were too many people to pursue the ostrich for its valuable plumage, and where its nesting conditions did not prevail. Almost without exception the owl belonged to the locations described, was altogether a creature of the night, had the voice to fill all the requirements of the text, and vocalized constantly in courting, hunting, and singing for joy of the moonlight on Lebanon range, Galilee lake, and shining Merom water.

The first place in the new version I find the owl left in such a picture as these Bible writers painted when predicting desolation, was when Isaiah called on the nations to come and hear what he had to say about "utter destruction." It was that prophecy in which the streams were to be turned to pitch, the dust to brimstone, the smoke to ascend forever, and no one should even pass through the land. "But the pelican and the porcupine shall possess it; and the owl and the raven shall dwell therein; and he shall stretch over it the line of confusion and the plummet of emptiness." Thorns were to grow in the palaces, and thistles in the fortresses, and all sorts of beasts, monsters, and dragons were to live there.

The other owl of all those which produced such delightful shudders in my first acquaintance with the Bible, is in the psalm of David, in which in declining life he felt so discouraged over his one great sin: for David was one of the best men of an age when Christians really lived what they taught. In his case it was almost as much artistic temperament as real necessity for self-abasement, for undoubtedly David was the most lovable character of all the writers of the Old Testament. But he felt that his one lapse darkened his whole record, and he was a poet, so he voiced his depression in these lines:

> "My heart is smitten like grass and withered;
> For I forget to eat my bread:
> By reason of the voice of my groaning,
> My bones cleave to my flesh.
> I am like a pelican of the wilderness;
> I am become as an owl of the waste places.
> I watch, and am become like a sparrow
> That is alone upon the house-top."

The reason the owl figured in these pictures of desolation and among the food that was an abomination, was because it deserved to be there in the last instance, and was slandered in the first. As an article of food, the owl was not attractive. Its meat was dark, rank, and tough at an early age. The diet of the bird was almost entirely meat; rats, mice, fowl, and small living creatures it could capture and swallow.

Mated pairs seemed affectionate near their nests, which they placed according to species and location. They brooded in caves, on dark cliffs, in hollow trees, towers, holes in walls, branches of trees in the open, burrows in embankments, and in the sand of the desert and waste places. They laid from four to six eggs, according to species, and cared for their young with great solicitude. These young were downy little white babies, the most cunning imaginable; and they feathered slowly, so that only one brood to a season was possible.

The Bible mentions the "great owl," the "little owl," and the "screech owl." They also had an owl which closely resembled our barn owl, but no passage seems to refer directly to it; though it is the bird which probably would be most in the timbers of ruined cities and in mosque and temple towers. The great owl was nearly two feet in height and closely resembled our great horned owl.

The "little owl" might have been any one of a number of small species which could make the required

noise. We still designate one small owl by the name "screech" because of its peculiar wavering cry. The ancients originated the idea.

It is certain that when night came, and the owls cried in forest, ruin, cave, temple, vineyard, everyone shuddered. This was altogether unfair to the bird. Owls are unusually safe in their daytime seclusion and their night-hunting. They remain in pairs for life, and keep to the same location, which proves them satisfied and happy birds. When they lift up their voices and "hoot," and "to-whit-to-whoo," and waver, quaver, and screech, they are courting a mate, calling to locate one another, or performing a hallelujah anthem to the glory of the Almighty, who made them with art so perfect to their environment that they exult for abounding joy of life, as do the lark and linnet.

When the owl had been all day housed in darkness, night came, and it awoke and went out to find food for its family. Why should it not perch on a sycamore and tell the Almighty what it thought of the forests of Lebanon and Judah, while the moon sailed serenely across the sky, while falling dew concentrated the heavy odors near the face of the earth, when the night hawk and bat wavered near it hunting sweet-loving insects, called a-wing by night perfumes? The lark caroled over the grain fields of Boaz, the blackbirds praised the rushes of Galilee, the thrushes extolled the spice thickets of Sharon; why should not the owl chant of moonlight, good hunting, and its happy home in Palestine?

But every nation from the beginning of time has abused this bird, forgetful of its beautiful plumage, its miraculous eyes, its noble appearance, and the marvels of evolution which could result in such a creature.

Always its cry is the basis of the discrimination against it. Nigidius said that owls had the power to change their voices "into nine different tunes." He must have heard nine different species of owl, and thought one was making all the music. Pliny classed them among the most unlucky of all birds, and his description of them is surely forceful. Here is what he had to record of owls and screech owls:

"These see but badly in the daytime. The screech owl always betokeneth some heavy news and is most execrable and accursed, and namely in the presages of public affairs: he keepeth ever in deserts: and loveth not only such unpeopled places, but also that are horrible and hard of access. In summer he is the very monster of night, neither crying nor singing out clear, but uttering a certain heavy groan of doleful mourning. And therefore if he be seen to fly either within cities, or otherwise about in any place, it is not good, but prognosticates some fearful misfortune. Howbeit I myself know that he hath sitten upon many houses of private men, and yet no deadly accident followed thereupon."

I am very happy that Pliny added that last line. It is good to hear some one speak a word of commendation for these birds. I have been in the habit of opening the windows and calling them into the cabin in winter, and letting them perch upon my hands and head as I made studies of them. They are of the birds with which I can converse so familiarly as to get a reply, and toll them with my voice. If any deadly misfortune has befallen me, I am not yet aware of it. The Almighty made the owls; so they have their place and province.—*From "Birds of the Bible," by Gene Stratton-Porter.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

The *Outing Magazine* for August is on the table, and the new editor tells us that hereafter the one characteristic of this magazine will be helpfulness. "Service" is to be its watchword, and in all departments of outdoor life it will try to reach a cheering hand to the people. It is for a tired people, worn out with necessary strenuousness, and a good deal of unnecessary ambition and conceit; and they need just this one thing which *Outing* proposes to give.

It is a curious thing that both *Putnam's* and the *American Magazine* have been giving us in the June and July numbers the most thorough analysis of church work and the wastefulness of church effort that have yet found place in print. *Putnam's* announces its articles as "The American Church on Trial." I like better the bluntness and frankness of the articles in the *American* entitled "The Godlessness of New York." You will do well to read them.

I am glad to get a chance to recall Parkman to our readers. Little, Brown & Company have just issued "Pioneers of France in the New World," in a form that makes it exceedingly useful for family and school. Parkman is the one of our historians whose works read like a novel. Boys will pick up one of his volumes in preference to Dickens, and yet Francis Parkman is at the very head of the historical writers of America. He sacrifices nothing of truth to make his pages delightful. He is the American Gibbon. I think if you want your boys to be well posted in American history you will do well to give them this book on "The Pioneers of France in the New World." Better place with this John Fiske's little volumes on early American history and then require that every boy and girl in your family shall at least be well posted on the founding of our nation and the creation of our government.

Now comes a book for yourself, and for careful study. It is a book for today, a live discussion of a living problem. The book is "Primary Elections," by Prof. C. Edward Merriam of the University of Chicago, and published by the University of Chicago Press. We have fallen into the hands of political parties, and each of these is sold out to a perpetuation of party power. The people as a people have lost all control of government. The problem now is to regain our right to govern ourselves. Mr. Merriam has done us a real service, and the book is so timely that it is a necessity. E. P. POWELL.

No word thou utterest, or good or ill,
But sounds forever,—wild or soft or shrill,—
Fast held within the vibrant air's embrace.
If words of thine shall brighten one sad face,
Thine accents ease a brother's heavy load,
Thy daily task reveal where Truth is strowed,
Then rest content! For there shall come a year
(And soon shall come) when back into thine ear
With ten-fold power thy words, or ill or good,
Shall speed with force that may not be withstood.
Then happy thou, if in thine ear shall ring
Words that shall crown thee servant,—helper,—king!
—*James H. West.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

"PLURI-LINGUAL" PREACHERS.

One of the crying needs of this country, it is said, is a class of preachers who can speak in more than one language. Records at Ellis Island show that representatives of more than forty nationalities pass this gateway of the Republic every year. Consequently almost every community needs pluri-lingual preachers, says an editorial-writer in *The Central Christian Advocate* (Kansas City). In Nebraska there are 100,000 Bohemians, points out this journal, for whom there is a distressing need of preachers. These people "are not Catholics, they certainly are not evangelical, but to the extent of about 90 per cent they are infidels." The writer goes on to cite from an official document recently issued by a committee of bishops of the Methodist Church urging the pastors to qualify in this capacity. They begin citing the example of the Apostle Paul who was able to speak in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. His unexampled success, they say, "in comparison with the other apostles, is explained in no small degree by his ability to communicate directly and freely with the men he met, whatever their tongue or lineage." The document proceeds:

"An ability to handle effectively three languages is by no means unattainable. Our own church has a few missionaries who possess it. A large percentage of the Jewish rabbis of Europe speak freely in three or more languages. Even uneducated guides, and salesmen, and hotel-keepers, by the score, possess this equipment for their respective callings. Far more of our American preachers should acquire it. Far more than the Roman Empire ever was, America has become the trysting-place of all races, the refuge of men of every tongue. Every branch of the Christian Church in America has urgent need of evangelists and pastors and teachers possessing the linquistic equipment of Paul. Moved by our experience of the difficulty of finding such, the undersigned, general superintendents of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and members of its standing commission on evangelism, have decided to open what in our eyes will be a genuine Roll of Honor—a register of pluri-lingual preachers, in which we hope to include all Methodist Episcopal ministers who have already preached in more than one language. To this we wish to attach a supplementary register, containing the names of students who are planning to enter the ministry prepared for oral service in more than a single tongue. Important fields and posts are now awaiting experienced men of the first class, and it is believed that not a few of those who respond to the present call will at no distant date be promoted to positions of greater influence and usefulness than they have yet held. We further expect to be able by friendly advice and through personal acquaintance to be of special service to students, whether children of the missionaries or others, who, inheriting the great advantage of household familiarity with two languages, are planning to enter the gospel ministry without the loss of this advantage."—*The Literary Digest.*

MARRIED.

Kent Root, son of Mrs. Nellie Hall Root, was married to Genevieve Ritchie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ritchie, at Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, on the afternoon of Aug. 17, by Rev. Ernest C. Smith.

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The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1909

For those who are looking for a quiet, restful place to spend vacation months

The Plant: The Tower Hill Pleasure Company owns a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, an adequate reservoir, which is piped to the various buildings and supplied with the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, which yields scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, orthinologist, etc. A well tilled garden, and an adequate dairy, in connection with the Jenkin Lloyd Jones Farm, supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company have been sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains seventeen (17) such cottages.

Expenses: The expenses of the Encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouses rentals.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature with a few master minds and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impediments; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose continuous support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this school from the beginning has been;

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the student to carry the result of his studies into Sunday-school and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second, to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The Conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry, though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the sixth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

Class in Religion—

1. The Origin and Organization of the Early Church.
2. The Persecutions.
3. The Mingling of Greek, Roman and Christian Elements.
4. Constantine and Julian. 311-363.
5. Jerome. 340 (?)-420.
6. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
7. St. Benedict. 480-543.
8. Monks and Missions in the West.
9. Gregory I. (The Great). 540 (?)-604.
10. Mohammed. 570-632.
11. Charlemagne. 742-814.

12. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
13. The Conversion of the Slav, St. Stephen.
14. Hildebrand, 1020 (?)-1085.
15. Abelard, 1079-1142.
16. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
17. Feudalism and Chivalry: The Real and the Ideal.
18. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
19. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226. The Coming of the Friars.
20. Cathedral Building.
21. The Rise of the Universities.
22. Dante. 1265-1321.
23. The Black Death and its Effects.
24. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
25. The Fore-runners of the Reformation. 1380 (?)-1471, Wesel (1420-89.)
26. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
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30. More's "Utopia." 1516.

REFERENCES.

For full analysis and detailed references in the field at large, the syllabus issued by Professor Thompson of the University of Chicago, entitled "Reference Studies in Mediæval History" (50c), a pamphlet of 130 pages, is specially recommended, and it is hoped that a copy of this exhaustive index to English sources will be in the hands of each student. The Growth of Christianity," by Joseph Henry Crooker, is a little hand-book prepared in 1897 for this particular course and was published by the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society (30c); Robinson's History of Western Europe, and the same author's "Readings in European History," The Middle Ages (Ginn & Co.), are excellent guides; Munro and Sellery's "Mediæval Civilization" (Century Co.), and Adams' "Civilization During the Middle Ages" (Scribners), are highly recommended. Fuller reference list supplied on application.

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